



DEFIANT
7
FEBRUARY
\$2.50
\$3.25 CANADA

WARRIORS OF PLASM



HOME IS WHERE THE HURT IS!

THE DEMONS OF DARKEDGE . PART THREE

BEYOND THE IMAGINARY
LIMITS OF REALITY...

PLOTTED BY JIM SHOOTER AND DAVID LAPHAM /
SCRIPTED BY LEN WEIN / PENCILED BY DAVID LAPHAM
INKED BY CHARLES YOAKUM / PAINTED BY J. BROWN
LETTERED BY GEORGE ROBERTS / EDITED BY DEBORAH
PURCELL

THE ASSAULT
ON THE ORG
GROWS MORE
FIERCE
WITH EVERY
SECOND.

AT THIS RATE
OUR PRECIOUS
PLASM
CANNOT LONG
SURVIVE!

...S-SO
MUCH
PAIN...

YOUR COMMAND
CENTER IS
FINISHED, MY
EMPEROR!

THIS ESOPHAGATE-
TUNNEL IS OUR
ONLY CHANCE TO
REACH
SAFETY!





"WE SHOULD HAVE
REALIZED, SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
PREPARED..."

"SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
THAT THE FEW WORLDS
SURVIVING OUR
HARVESTING WOULD
AWAIT OUR WEAKEST
MOMENT..."

"AND LAUNCH A COMBINED
ASSAULT AGAINST
US-- TO DESTROY THE
ORG!"

THEN DO
SOMETHING,
GOITEROX!

BUT, MY EMPEROR,
WE LACK THE
NECESSARY
RESOURCES!

FIND THE
RESOURCES,
STRIFELORD!

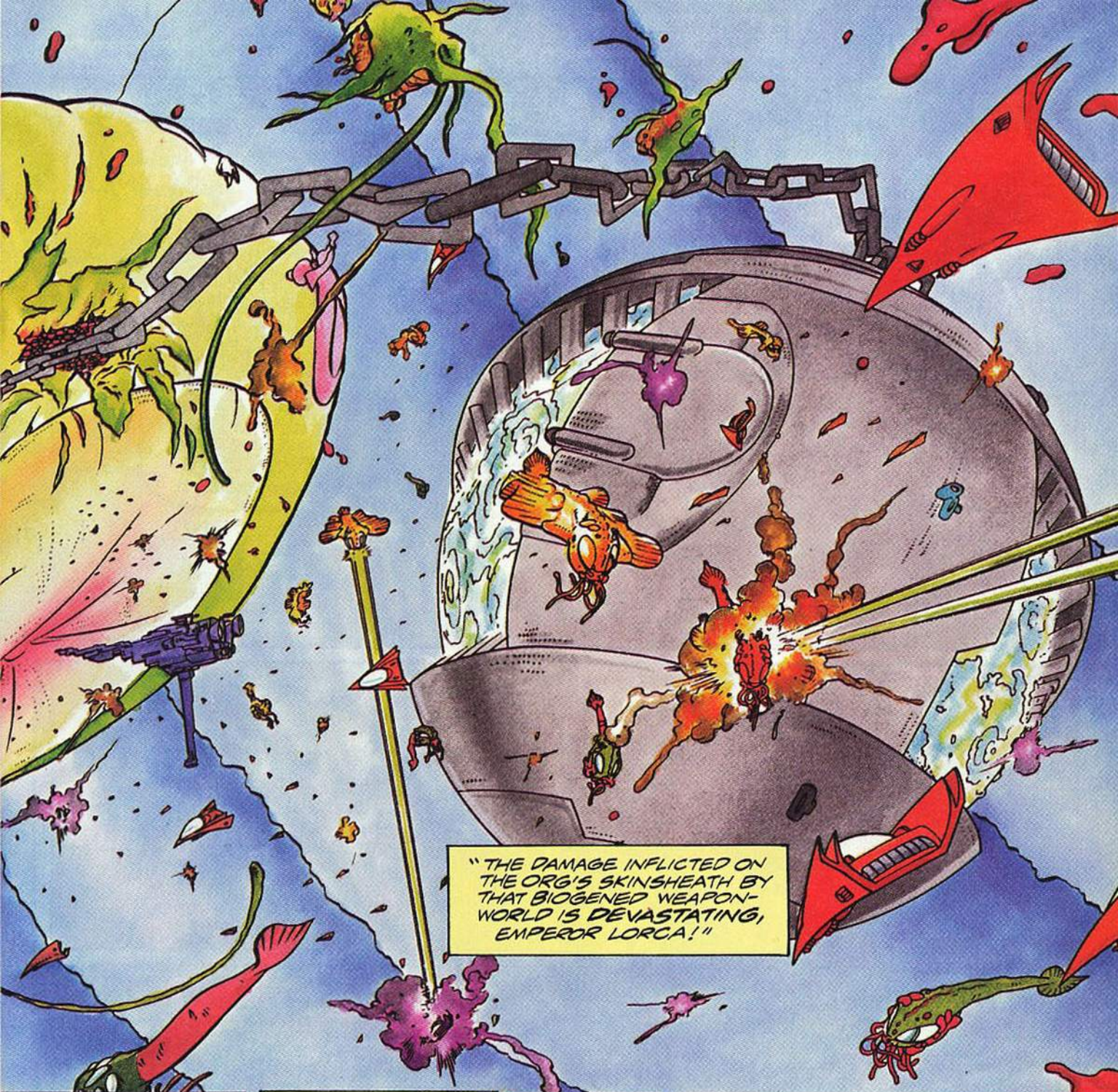
MULCH
UNESSENTIAL
BUILDINGS...
DO WHATEVER
YOU HAVE TO!

"STRAFELOD MAXILLA AND HIS
ATMOSPHERIC FLEET ARE
SUFFERING TERRIBLE LOSSES!"

"THEY NEED OUR
SUPPORT, AND THEY
NEED IT NOW!"

NUDGE, YOU ARE
IN TOUCH WITH
THE ORG
ITSELF.

HOW DOES
IT FARE?



"THE DAMAGE INFLECTED ON THE ORG'S SKINSHEATH BY THAT BIOGENED WEAPON-WORLD IS DEVASTATING, EMPEROR LORCA!"



IT'S IN SUCH PAIN... SUCH AGONY...

THE SCREAMING INSIDE MY HEAD... IT'S ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR.



"MAXILLA AND HIS FORCES CANNOT HOLD ON MUCH LONGER...."



NUDGE, I NEED YOU TO LEAD ME TO THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE YOU HEAR....

TAKE ME TO THE HEART OF PLASM!



WHILE...

PRESS ON,
FELLOW
PLASMOIDS!

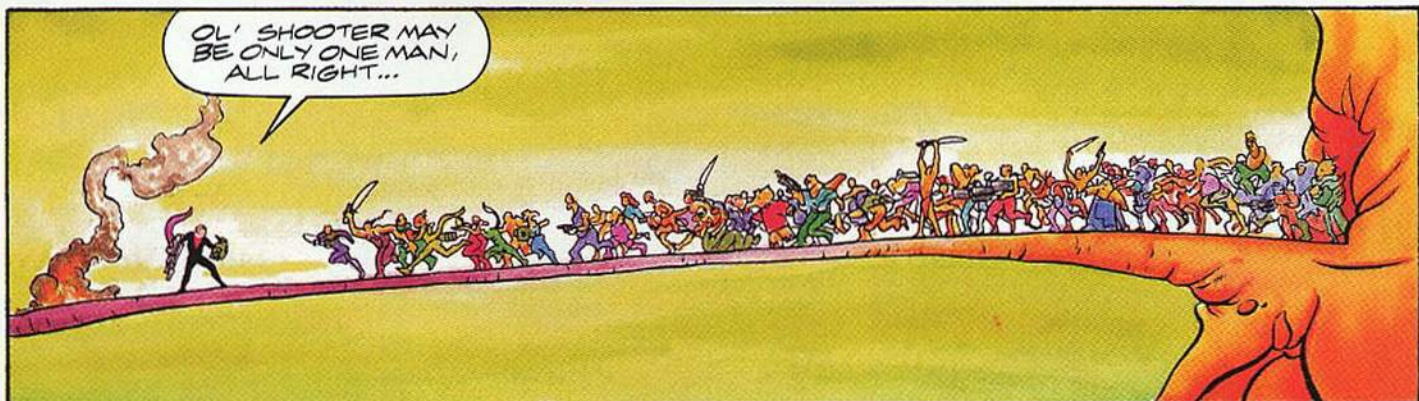
THE ONE CALLED
SHOOTER IS ONLY
ONE MAN!

HE CANNOT STOP
US ALL!

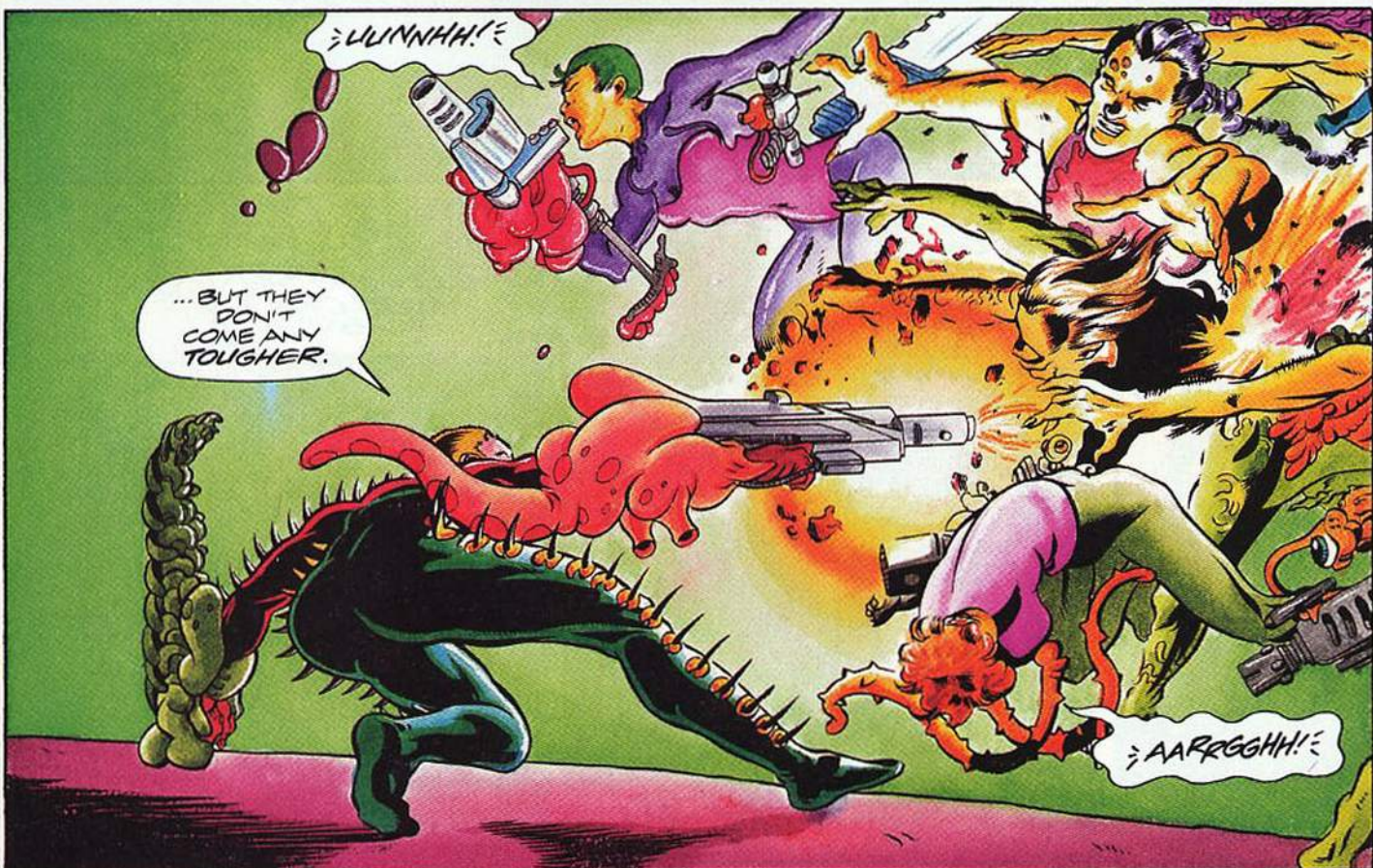


OH?

BETTER LOOK
AROUND YOU,
AND CHECK
OUT THE
BODY COUNT.



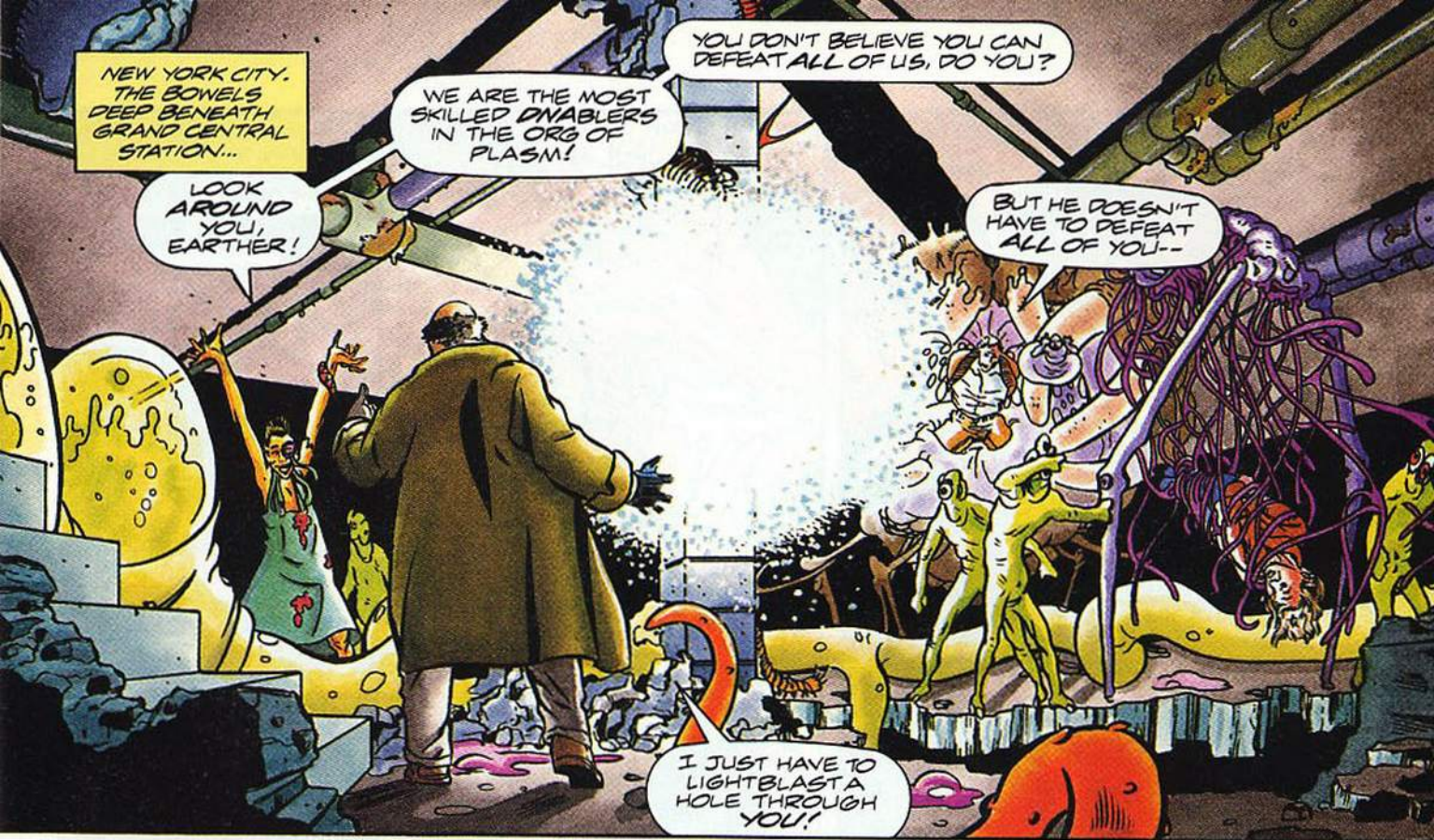
OL' SHOOTER MAY
BE ONLY ONE MAN,
ALL RIGHT...



UULINNAH!!

...BUT THEY
DON'T
COME ANY
TOUGHER.

AARRGGHH!!



NEW YORK CITY.
THE BOWELS
DEEP BENEATH
GRAND CENTRAL
STATION...

LOOK
AROUND
YOU,
EARTHER!

WE ARE THE MOST
SKILLED DYNABLERS
IN THE ORG OF
PLASM!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE YOU CAN
DEFEAT ALL OF US, DO YOU?

BUT HE DOESN'T
HAVE TO DEFEAT
ALL OF YOU--

I JUST HAVE TO
LIGHTBLAST A
HOLE THROUGH
YOU!



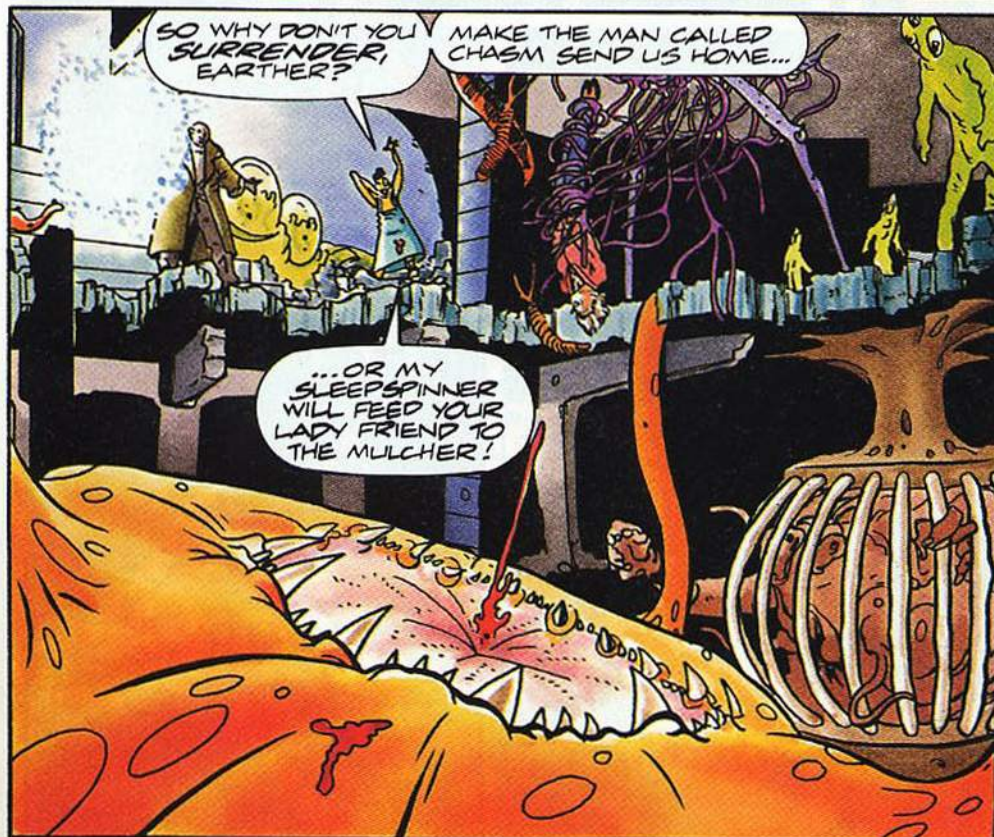
NOW LET MRS.
JOHNSON AND
HER FRIEND
GO,
PLASMOID.

DON'T FORCE
MY HAND.



LET HER GO?
WHY WOULD
I DO
THAT?

I DO BELIEVE
HOLDING HER
GIVES ME THE
UPPER HAND!



SO WHY DON'T YOU
SURRENDER,
EARTHER?

MAKE THE MAN CALLED
CHASM SEND US HOME...

...OR MY
SLEEPSPINNER
WILL FEED YOUR
LADY FRIEND TO
THE MULCHER!



LOUISE?
LOUISE,
LISTEN
TO ME!

YOU'VE
GOT TO
WAKE
UP.
WAKE UP,
DO YOU
HEAR ME?

WAKE
UP!

M-MARTIN...?



WELCOME
BACK,
LOUISE!

YOU HAD ME
VERY WORRIED.
THANK
GOODNESS....

MARTIN?

W-WHAT'S
BEEN
HAPPENING
TO--



--LORD!

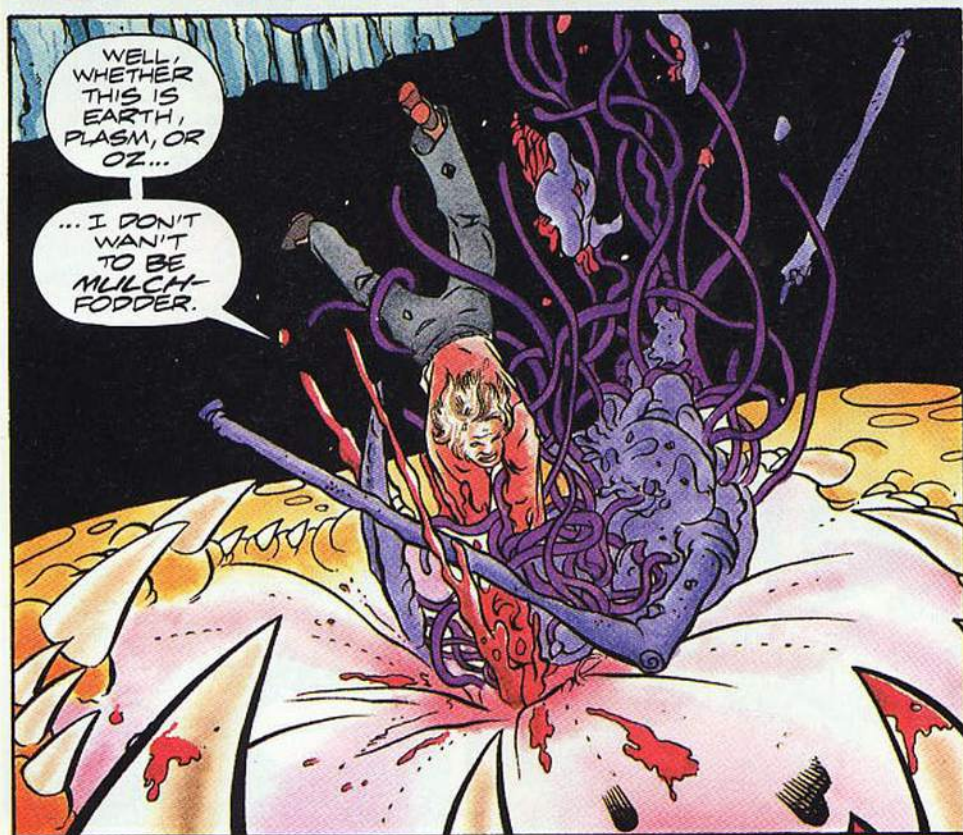
W-WHERE
ARE WE?

ARE WE
BACK ON
PLASM
AGAIN,
OR--



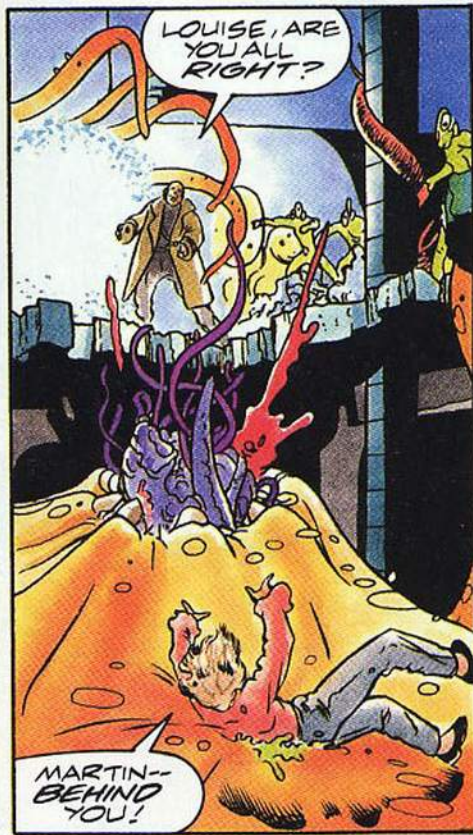
OH, NO--I RECOGNIZE
IT! HORRORS, IT'S
STILL THE NEW YORK
SEWER SYSTEM.

SOMEHOW
THE PLASMOIDS
HAVE COME
BACK HERE!



WELL,
WHETHER
THIS IS
EARTH,
PLASM,
OR
OZ...

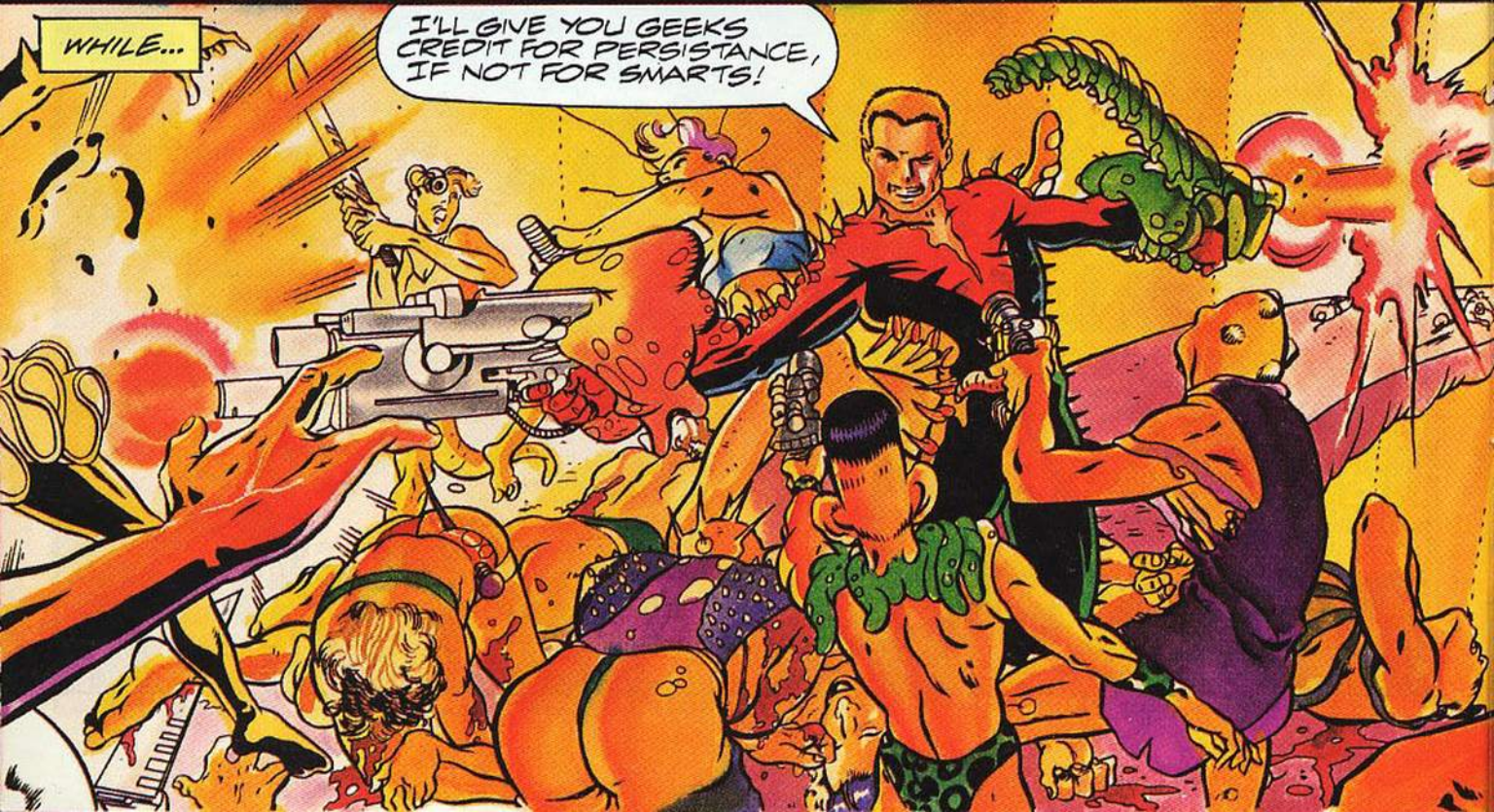
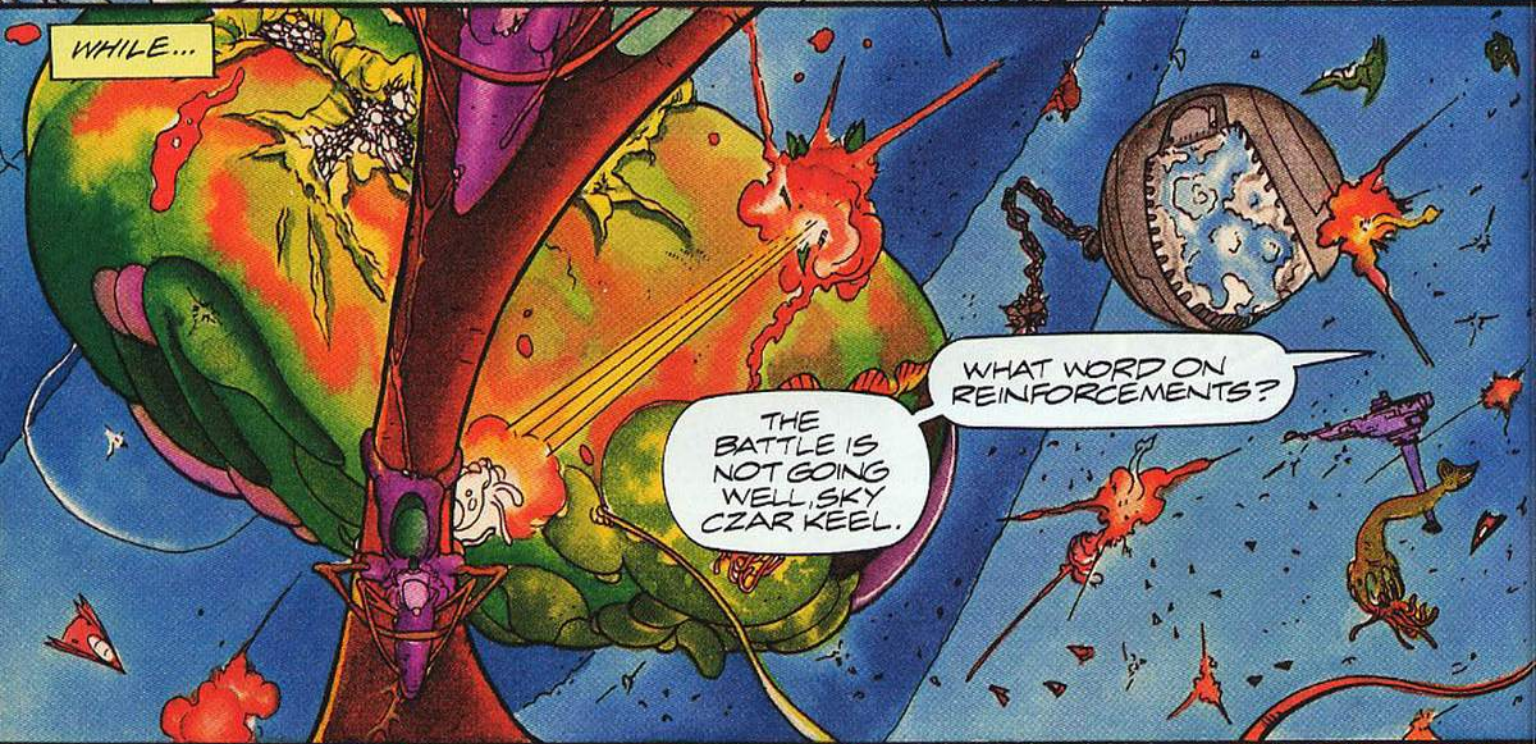
...I DON'T
WAN'T
TO BE
MULCH-
FODDER.

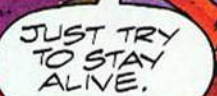
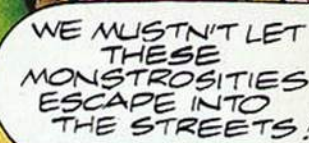


LOUISE, ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

MARTIN--
BEHIND
YOU!







WHILE...

THE VOICE YOU HEAR, NUDGE... DOES IT GROW LOUDER?

ARE WE GETTING ANY CLOSER?

I STILL HEAR IT, LORCA. IT CALLS TO ME....



THE ORG IS IN SO MUCH PAIN...

...AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HELP IT....

WHAT IS IT SAYING TO YOU?

IT DOESN'T KNOW WHY IT'S BEING MADE TO SUFFER SO.

IT'S HURT... CONFUSED...

...AND IT'S GROWING ANGRY.

THAT IS NOT GOOD.

PETITION THE ORG TO OPEN A PORE, NUDGE...

...AND ALLOW US ENTRANCE TO ITS CORE.

IT'S RELUCTANT, LORCA...

...BUT I THINK I'M GETTING THROUGH TO IT.

THERE... IT'S DONE.

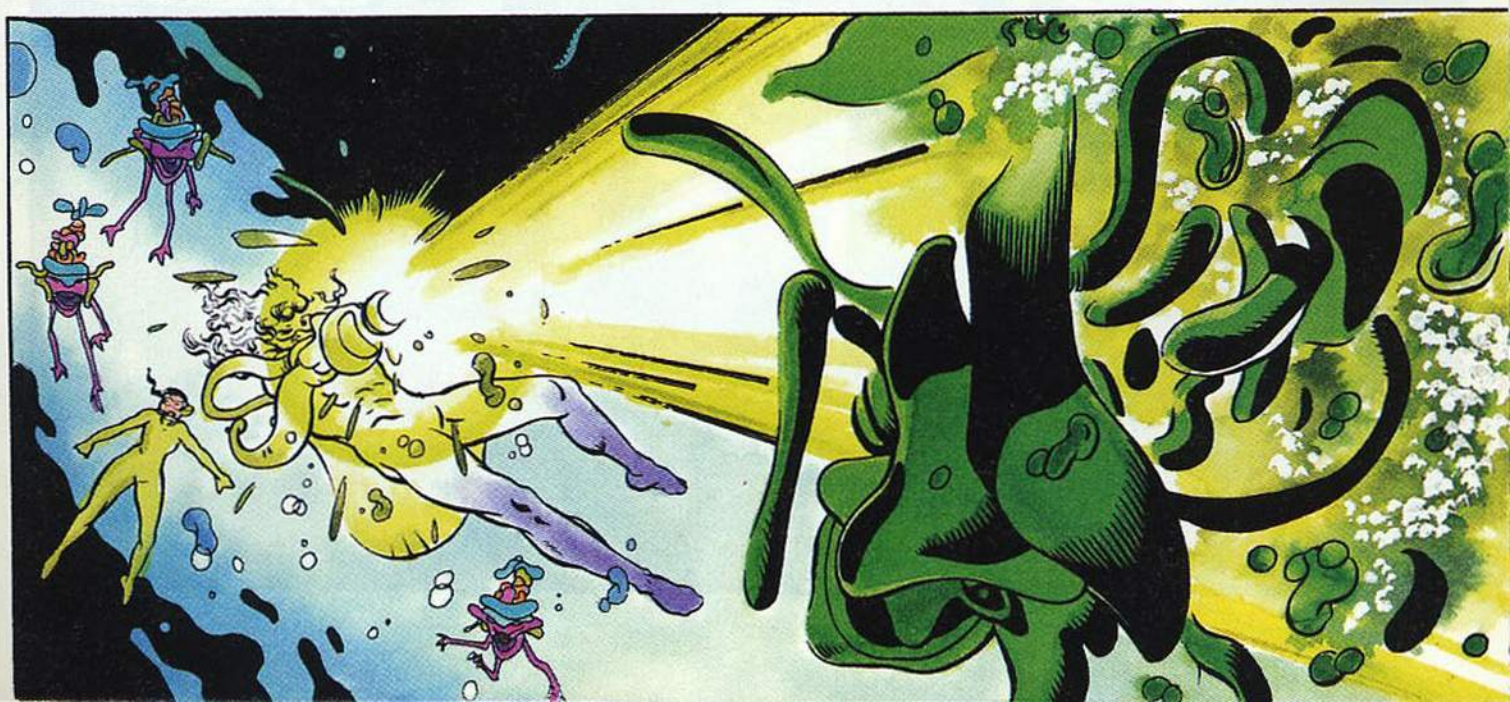
BUT I DOUBT IT'LL STAY OPEN LONG.

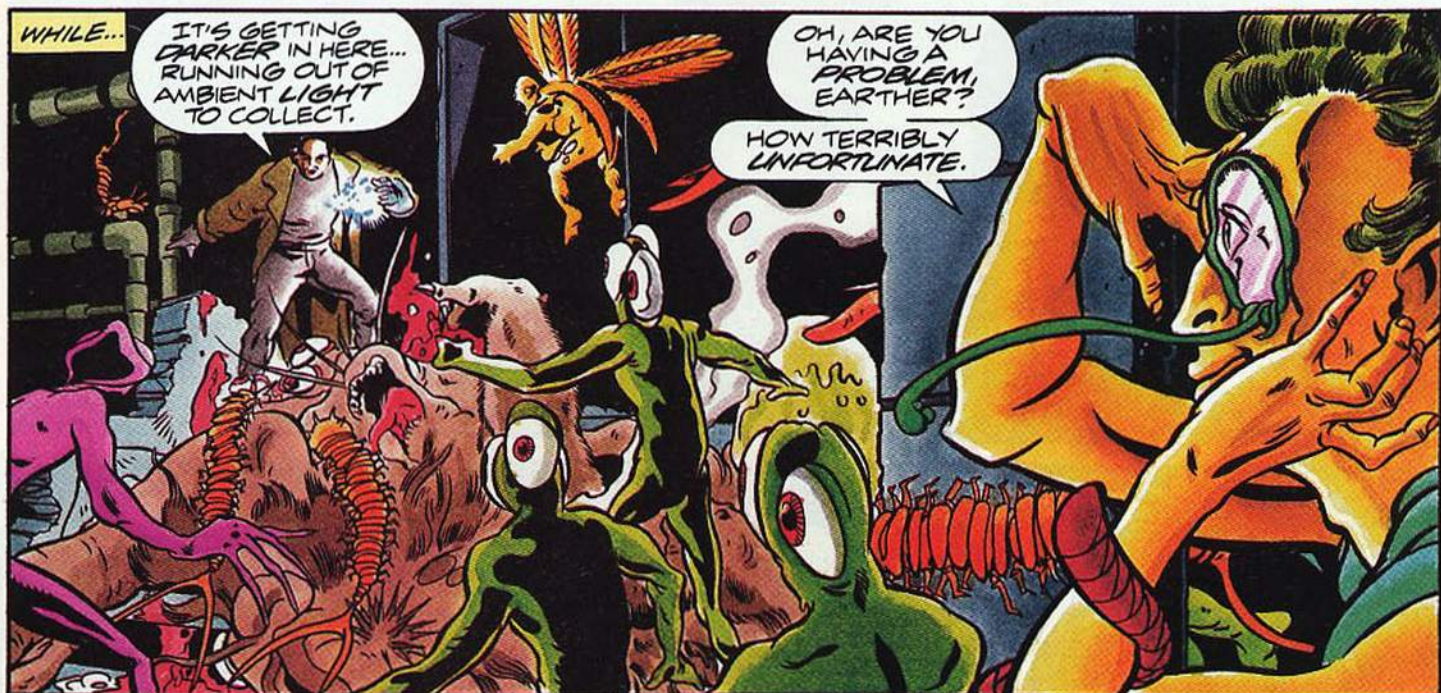
THE MEMBREATHERS WE'RE WEARING WILL SUSTAIN US THROUGH THE FLUID...

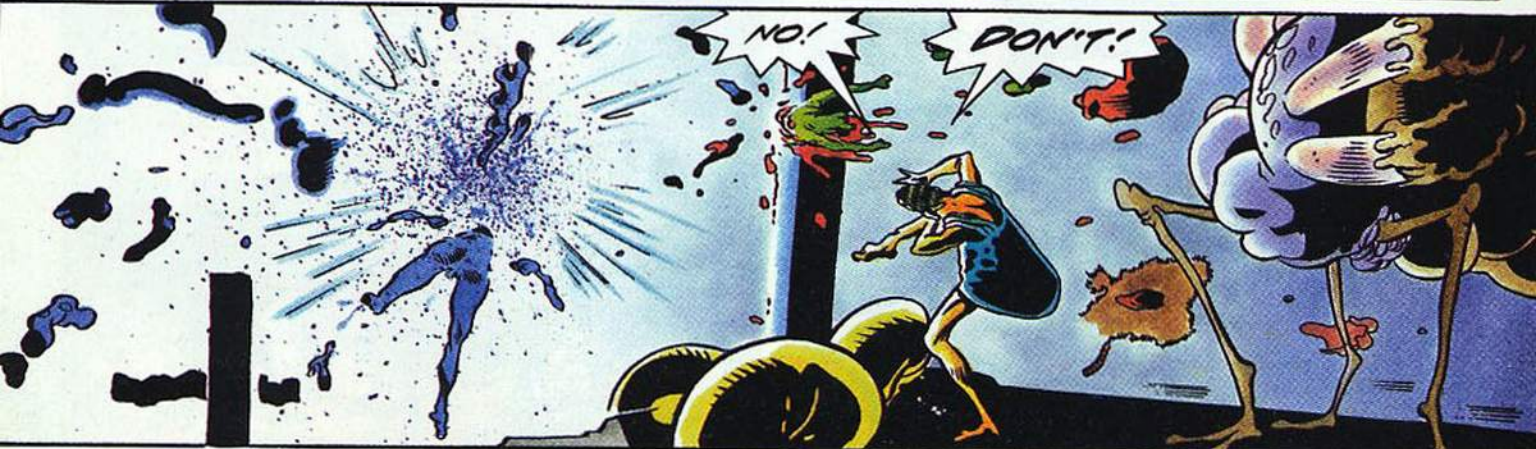
...BUT FROM HERE ON WE MUST COMMUNICATE BY GESTURE.

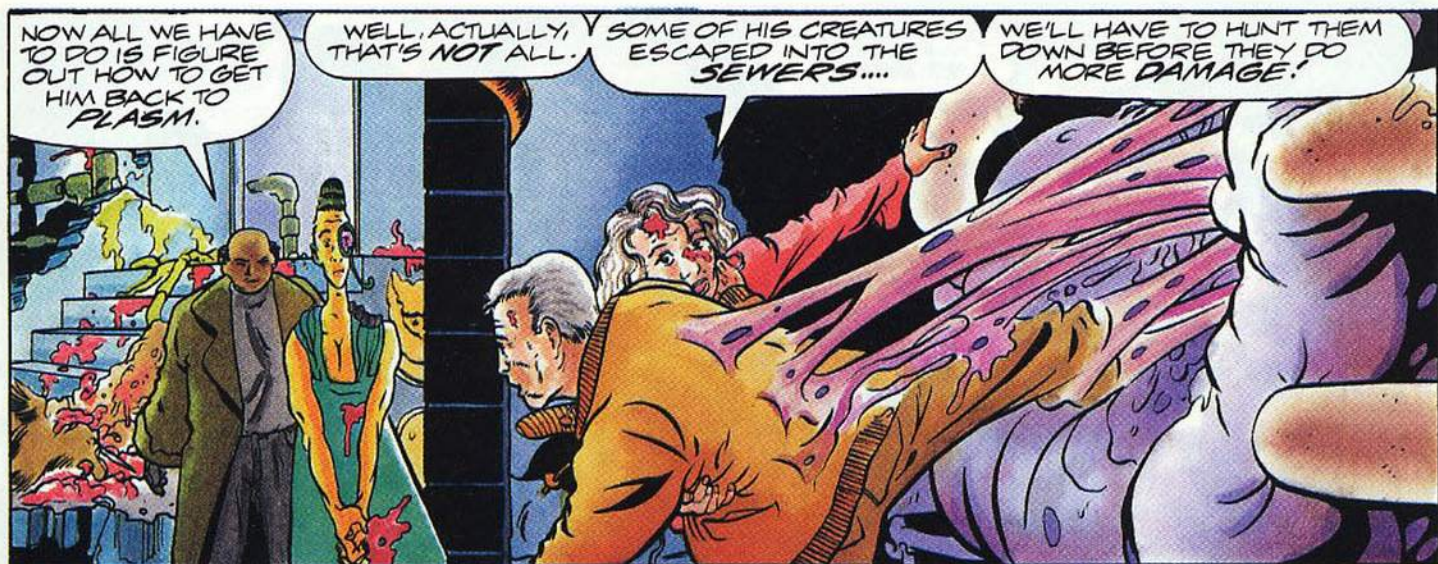
JUST HURRY! WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.











NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET HIM BACK TO PLASM.

WELL, ACTUALLY, THAT'S NOT ALL.

SOME OF HIS CREATURES ESCAPED INTO THE SEWERS....

WE'LL HAVE TO HUNT THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY DO MORE DAMAGE!



I WAS JUST DOING THE JOB I WAS BRED TO DO.

NO HARD FEELINGS?

NO HARD FEELINGS?!

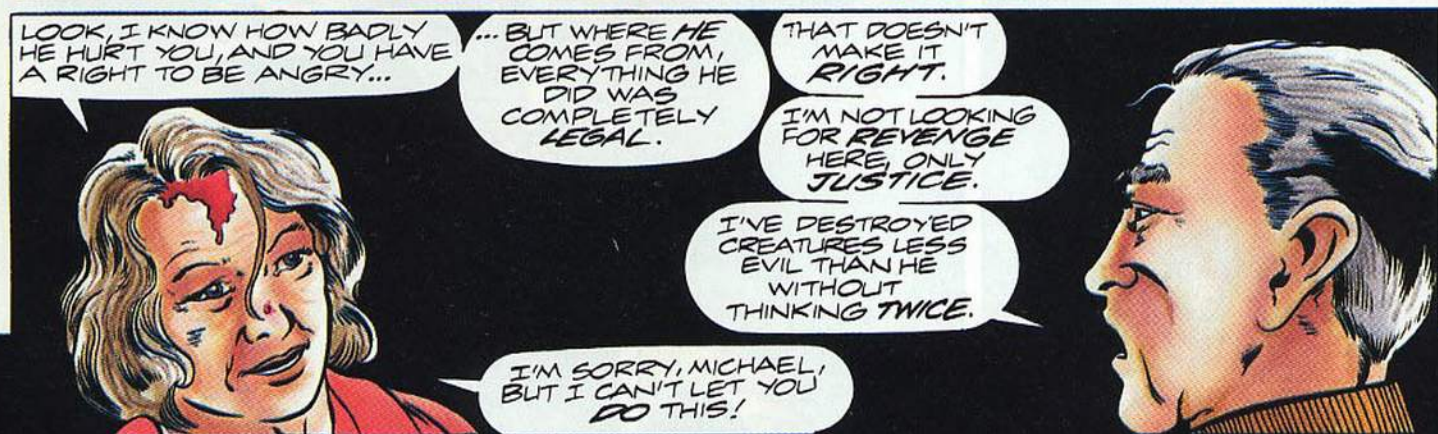
AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO ME?

YOU'RE NOT GOING BACK TO PLASM, MISTER--



--YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL!

MICHAEL-- NO! LET GO OF HIM!



LOOK, I KNOW HOW BADLY HE HURT YOU, AND YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE ANGRY...

...BUT WHERE HE COMES FROM, EVERYTHING HE DID WAS COMPLETELY LEGAL.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT RIGHT.

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR REVENGE HERE, ONLY JUSTICE.

I'VE DESTROYED CREATURES LESS EVIL THAN HE WITHOUT THINKING TWICE.

I'M SORRY, MICHAEL, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS!



AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?

WH-- WHERE DID HE GO?

HE'S CROSSED OVER INTO THE SUBSTRATUM, MARTIN...

... "GOING QUANTUM," I THINK HE CALLS IT.



HE'S BLOCKED OUT THE LIGHT.

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, LOUISE--WHILE WE STILL CAN!

MICHAEL, PLEASE... BE REASONABLE.

YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO DO THIS!



UH-OH! HE'S BLOCKED OUR ONLY EXIT!

HE'S GOING TO MULCH ME, ISN'T HE?

NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT.

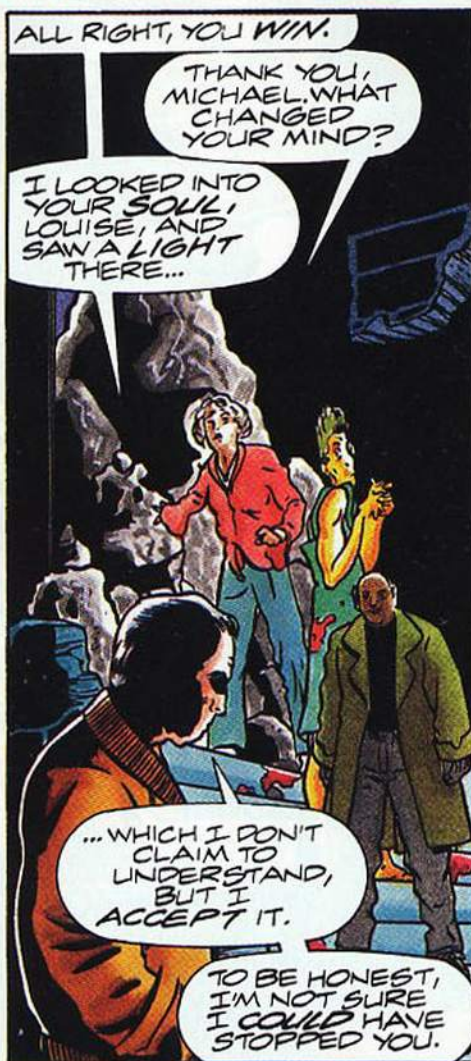
MICHAEL, PLEASE COME OUT WHERE WE CAN SEE YOU, DEAR.



COME ON, DEAR. YOU KNOW WE'RE RIGHT. DON'T LET YOUR PAIN CLOUD YOUR JUDGEMENT.

LET US SEND THE ENABLER BACK WHERE HE BELONGS...

...AND THEN PLEASE HELP US TRACK DOWN HIS CREATIONS!



ALL RIGHT, YOU WIN.

THANK YOU, MICHAEL. WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND?

I LOOKED INTO YOUR SOUL, LOUISE, AND SAW A LIGHT THERE...

...WHICH I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND, BUT I ACCEPT IT.

TO BE HONEST, I'M NOT SURE I COULD HAVE STOPPED YOU.



YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, DEAR.



STILL, IT'S NICE OF YOU TO HAVE DONE THE RIGHT THING ANYWAY.

COMING, EVERYONE?





THE SCREAMING
IS SO LOUD
HERE, IT'S ALMOST
INTOLERABLE!

WH-WHERE
ARE WE?

A PLACE I
HAVE HEARD
SPOKEN OF
ONLY IN
WHISPERS,
NUDGE....

IT APPEARS
WE HAVE FOUND
THE LIVING
BRAIN OF
THE ORG!

WELL, AT LEAST
THAT WAR DANCER
GUY DIDN'T
FOLLOW US
HERE!

FASCINATING... ITS SYNAPSES
SEEM TO STRETCH ON
FOREVER.

BUT ITS
PAIN...
ITS
PAIN...

DON'T
KNOW
HOW
LONG
I CAN
TAKE
THIS...

THEN TALK
TO THE ORG,
NUDGE.... TELL
IT TO DEFEND
ITSELF.

CONVINCE
IT TO
DESTROY
THOSE WHO
SEEK TO
DESTROY
US!

NO! I
CAN'T--

--THAT
WOULD BE
MURDER!

NO, CHILD--
MERELY
SURVIVAL.

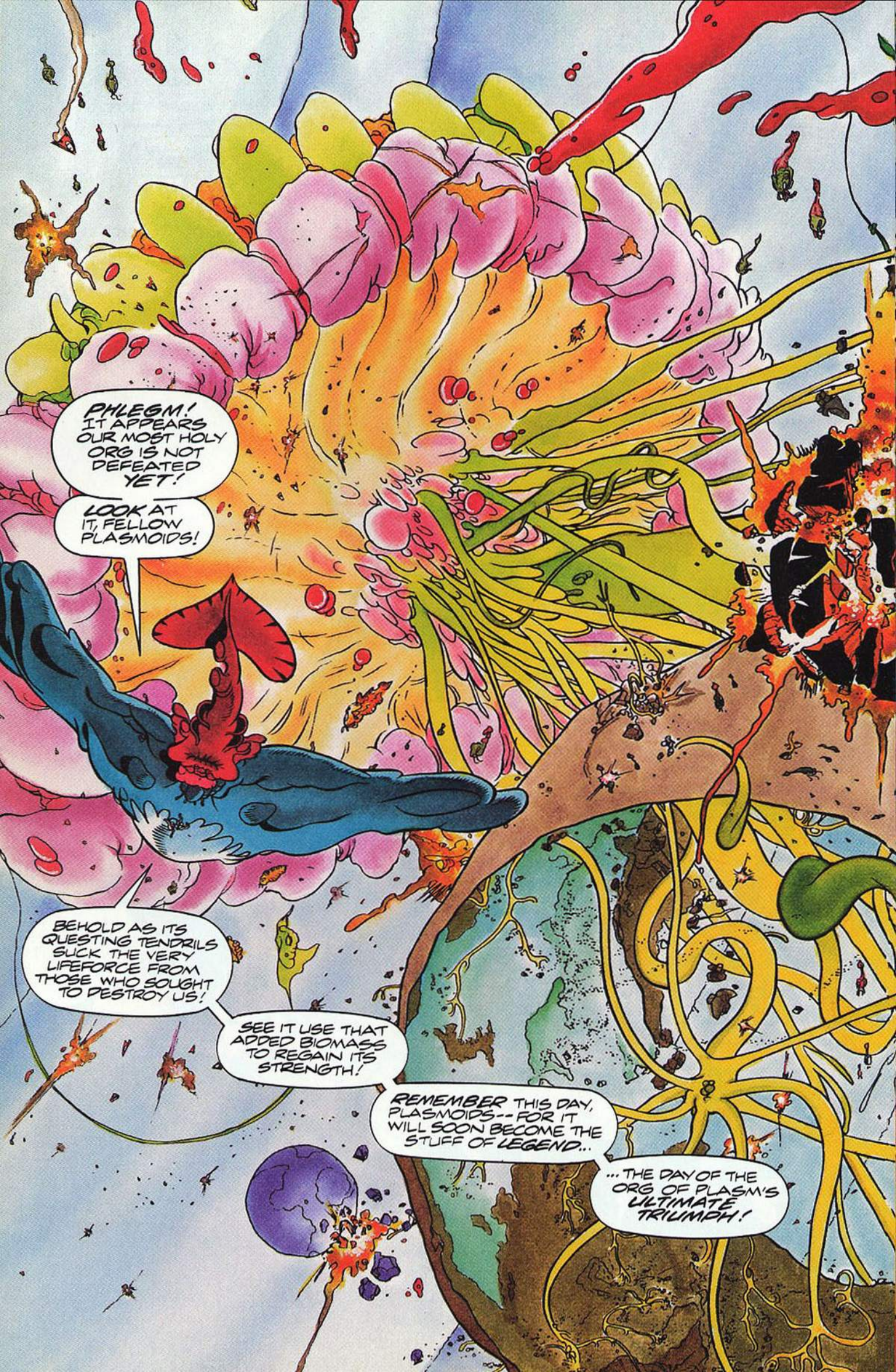
DO IT WHILE
THERE'S STILL
TIME.

PLEASE...
FORGIVE
ME...

HOY! WHAT'S
HAPPENING
NOW?

THE ORG HAS
BEGUN TO SWELL,
TO MOVE...

...AS IF
ROUSING
ITSELF FOR
ONE FINAL,
HEROIC
EFFORT!



PHLEGM!
IT APPEARS
OUR MOST HOLY
ORG IS NOT
DEFEATED
YET!

LOOK AT
IT, FELLOW
PLASMOIDS!

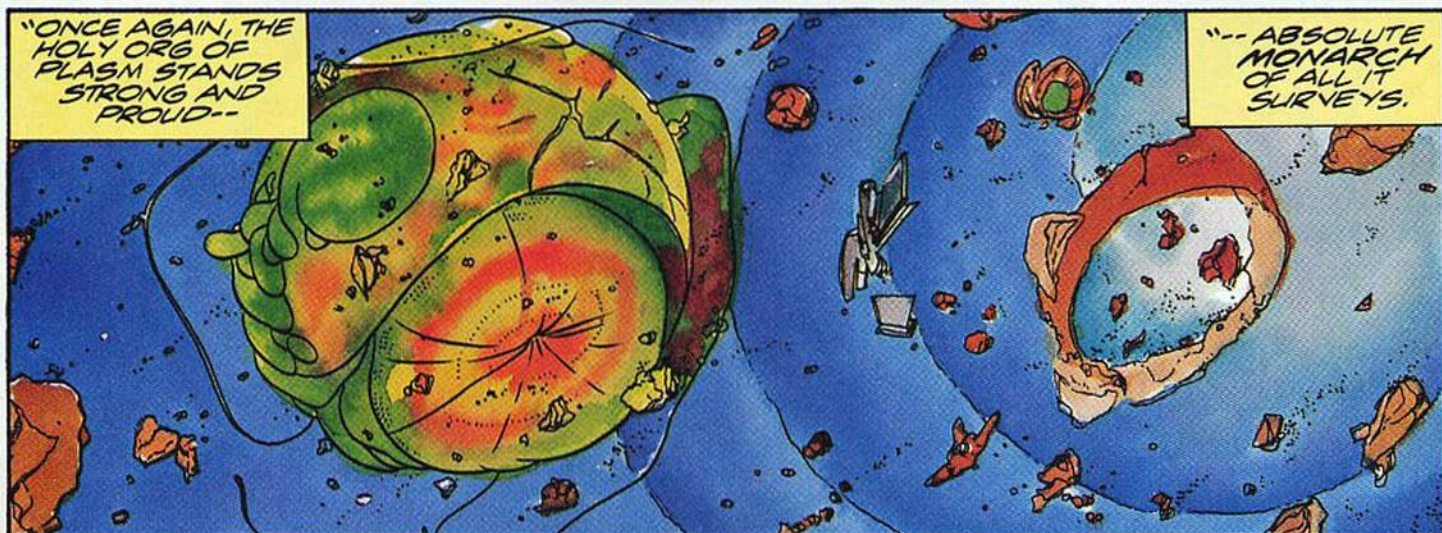
BEHOLD AS ITS
QUESTING TENDRILS
SUCK THE VERY
LIFEFORCE FROM
THOSE WHO SOUGHT
TO DESTROY US!

SEE IT USE THAT
ADDED BIOMASS
TO REGAIN ITS
STRENGTH!

REMEMBER THIS DAY,
PLASMOIDS-- FOR IT
WILL SOON BECOME THE
STUFF OF LEGEND...

...THE DAY OF THE
ORG OF PLASM'S
ULTIMATE
TRIUMPH!





"THE HUSKS OF THOSE WHO FELL IN BATTLE DEFENDING THE ORG, AS WELL AS THOSE WHO WERE SLAIN DURING THE UPRISINGS, WILL BE MULCHED IMMEDIATELY--"

"--THEIR BIOMASS USED FOR THE GREATER GLORY OF THE ORG!"

WELL, I'VE GOT A GREAT PLACE FOR YOU TO START, PAL.



THE WAR AT LAST IS OVER, FELLOW PLASMIDS!

IT IS THE DAWN OF A NEW BEGINNING!

ALL HAIL THE ORG!



WELL, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK THAT WENT RATHER WELL.

THE ORG RETURNED US TO THE SURFACE AT YOUR REQUEST JUST IN TIME FOR ME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION.

BUT IT STILL TALKS TO ME, LORCA... STILL TELLS ME THINGS I'D RATHER NOT KNOW.

CAN YOU NOT SHUT THE VOICES OUT, CHILD?

DON'T YOU THINK I'VE TRIED?



I'M SORRY FOR YOUR TROUBLE, NUDGE--BUT WE BOTH DID WHAT WE HAD TO.

EVEN SPLATTERING MYSELF WITH GORE BEFORE THE NEWS-CAST WAS A NECESSARY TOUCH.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, LORCA?



LET'S WORRY ABOUT THAT TOMORROW, NUDGE.

AFTER ALL, TOMORROW IS ANOTHER DAY.

WELL, IF WHAT THE VOICES SAY IS TRUE--

--I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!

